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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XL. No. 28 MONTREAL, JULY 14, 1905. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Good Shepherd.

'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom and shall gently lead those that are with young.'—Isaiah xl., 11.

'I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.'—John x., 14.

The King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
And yet with love He sought me;
And, on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And, oh, what transports of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so, through all my length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy courts for ever.

—Rev. Sir H. W. Baker.

The Sitka Industrial Training School.

(Mrs. Ella A. Boole, in the New York 'Observer.')

This school was first opened in 1878, and in 1882 a home for girls which had been established at Fort Wrangle was transferred to Sitka, and the two schools united. The mission plant is admirably located on an elevation about one hundred feet above high water mark, with a gently rolling beach, which permits the high tides of the Pacific Ocean to dash within fifty feet of the front yard. The outlook over bay and island is one of wondrous beauty.

The buildings, comprising the boys' and girls' homes, laundry, blacksmith shop, industrial building, museum, church and manse, are centrally located between the town of Sitka and the Indian River, and are scattered over several acres of ground. An abundant supply of pure water is brought in pipes a distance of a mile.

On the road leading to Indian River is the Sitka mission hospital, a two story building, with an annex for kitchen and private wards. While the main object of the hospital is to provide for the sick of the Training School, the work is not limited to this, as native adults or children are received at any time; nor are all the patients from Sitka, many coming from other villages for treatment. During this last year, the hospital, while run on a small scale, has earned its way, covering all expenses except the nurse's salary. While not many patients have been in the hospital, 1,789 office prescriptions have been given and 119 visits paid.

The work in Sitka differs from that in most other schools, inasmuch as the children from the school come from all parts of Alaska, their parents many of them being dead, or just emerging from heathenism and superstition, and so the children stay at the school all the year; having, however, three months vacation from school work. The industrial training is emphasized, and includes many lines, the aim being to fit the young people intrusted to our care to become intelligent citizens. While the season is short here, yet raspberries, currants, rhubarb and many vegetables grow well.

The girls are divided into morning and afternoon pupils, so that each section spends three hours each day except Saturday and Sunday in the sewing room during nine months of the year, while all save the little girls, spend four or five hours each day during the summer sewing or knitting. Six thousand garments have been mended during the quarter, and the teacher writes that these could be multiplied by the number of patches on each. Twenty dresses remodelled, and nine new ones made. Two of them were white gowns for graduation, and were made entirely by the girls who wore them.

In addition to the work in the sewing room, the girls do the cooking and cleaning for the school under the direction of the girls' matron. The work of the girls is changed monthly, and they are always ambitious to leave the kitchen and dining room in good order for the next section. As three sacks of flour are used in making bread each day, except on Sunday and Monday, the work in the kitchen is not light.

The boys make all the shoes for the pupils in the school beside some custom work for outside; they also, under the direction of industrial teachers, keep the buildings in repair, paint them when needed, make the garden, clear the land, and prepare the wood for the winter. Then each year there is the work of getting the large boys fixed up for camping while they are getting the wood for the year. Everyone goes down to the wharf to see them off; with cheers, music and waving of caps, it is a great event. One party of twelve (ten boys to cut trees, and two to cook) cut and trimmed 127 trees in a week; these were made into a raft and floated to Sitka. The logging outfit, including the donkey engine, is a great help, and the boys appreciate it. They camped on a large natural meadow on the shore of a small bay. The grass was from two to three feet high with many wild flowers growing all through it.

One of the teachers who accompanied the expedition said that his bed was literally a bed of buttercups and daisies, intermingled with hemlock boughs and army blankets. Their only neighbors were birds and animals of the forest. The teacher writes that at different times

he saw a great whale, a school of porpoise, three seals, numbers of eagles, two deer, ravens, crows, robins, blue jays, a long legged crane, a humming bird, and several mosquitoes.

The boys like the work and never seem to tire. They work all day in the rain sometimes, play ball after supper, and then spend an hour around the camp fire singing Gospel songs. One of the native workers has organized a brass band among the boys.

Of the school work we must say a word. The course covers from the primary through the sixth grade, and because half of their time is given to industrial work, it takes a great deal longer than in our public schools. There were graduated this year two young women and one young man. They are all expecting to come to the Carlisle Indian School this summer, and to enter the seventh year there. The total number of pupils in the school is one hundred and thirty-five.

With generations of ignorance, superstition and heathenism back of them, it is not strange that the children do not all appreciate the value of an education. It is said of one of the scholars in one of the public schools, not a hundred miles from Sitka, who demurred when his teacher asked him to write in his copy book, that he muttered in his native tongue, 'That she got big pay for teaching school, while he got nothing, he was her slave anyhow.' It takes a long time to civilize a people, but it pays when the work is done in the name of Christ.

'As Cold as Charity.'

Some years ago I worked in an office in Chicago, and I lived out in one of the suburban towns. One evening I missed my regular train, and consequently was late for supper when I reached home. The waiting maid told me she would give me my supper, but that the soup was as 'cold as charity.' The remark was, of course, rather amusing, but at the same time there was so much truth in what she said that it almost ceased to be a joke. Much of our giving is done in such a way that it seems to send a chill through those whom we wish to help. I have met men whom I would rather have refuse to grant a request than have others to grant it, and no doubt you have had the same experience. When you undertake to use the Lord's money, do it as he would, not for the purpose of receiving the praise of others, for we should so give that our right hand will not know what the left hand is doing, and we should also put all our love and heart into it. Let us strive to give so much of our love and sympathy with our donation that the money part shall seem to be merely incidental, and those to whom we shall give remember us, not for the gift, but for ourselves and the love we have transmitted to them.—R. D. Hale.

The Contrast.

In one of his addresses in Birmingham, not long since, Dr. Torrey made the following striking comparison:—Where is the stronghold of the Bible? The pure, happy, unselfish home. Where is the stronghold of infidelity? The public-house, the racecourse, the gambling hall, and worse places. Suppose that I should come, a stranger to your city, and should go into one of your public-houses with the Bible under my arm, lay my Bible down upon the bar, and order a glass of whiskey straight, and add, 'Make it big,' what would happen? There would be great surprise. Quite likely the bartender would say, 'Pardon me, but what is that Book? Is not that the Bible?' 'Yes.' 'And what did you ask for—a tumbler of whiskey straight?' 'Yes, and make it large.' He would not know what to make of it. But suppose I should enter the public-house and lay upon the bar a copy of any work of Ingersoll, or of Bradlaugh, a copy of the 'Clarion,' or 'Agnostic,' or 'Freethinker,' or the most respectable infidel book or paper that there is, and order a glass of whiskey straight, I would get it without a question or a look of surprise. It would be just what they would expect. The Bible and whiskey don't go together. Infidelity and whiskey do go together. When I was in Belfast I made this remark, and at the close of the address a physician came to me laughing, and said, 'We had yesterday an illustration of just what you said. After your afternoon Bible reading my mother went into a licensed grocer's to get a little brandy for a friend who was ill. She had her Bible in her hand, and without thinking was trying to put it into the bag that she carried. The shopman who was waiting upon her said, 'That is right, madam; hide it.' The two did not go together.

The Wind of Sorrow.

The fire of love was burning, yet so low
That in the dark we scarce could see its rays.
And in the light of perfect placid days
Nothing but smouldering embers, dull and slow,
Vainly, for loves delight, we sought to throw
New pleasures on the pyre to make it blaze;
In life's calm and tranquil, prosperous ways
We missed the radiant heat of long ago.
Then in the night, a night of sad alarms,
Bitter with pain and black with fog of fears
That drove us trembling to each other's arms—
Across the gulf of darkness and salt tears,
Into life's calm the wind of sorrow came,
And fanned the fire of love to clearest flame.
—Henry Van Dyke, in 'The Century.'

Think of Others.

A gentleman laid a sweetmeat on the table, and then picked up an ant and placed it on the sweetmeat. He was astonished to see the little creature rapidly leave the sweet morsel, run down the leg of the table, and go off in search of his fellows. They appear to have understood the news. He then turned back, followed by a long train, and conducted them to the prize.

Cannot we, who have tasted of the sweetness of the Gospel, learn a lesson from this ant? Let us seek our fellows and tell them the glad news, 'We have found the Messiah.'

—Selected.

Rotumah.

A ROMANTIC MISSION STORY.

(The 'Spectator,' Australia.)

(Concluded.)

He went; he saw the Christ. 'Give me,' said he, 'teachers to go back with me'; but sadly the missionaries had to refuse. However, two noble Tongans consecrated themselves to this work, and were specially trained. The man returned to Rotumah, where he witnessed for Christ. In God's good time, the Tongan teachers arrived, and then the light began to tremble over the land, and the grey mists of superstition and sin began to lift before the majesty of Light and Truth. In a few years the missionaries visited the new field, and found 53 waiting baptism. The Fijian teachers took up the work, and the Church set down its anchorage in a soil from which it was never to move.

Zerubbabel grew with the Church, and God opened to him the Scriptures. His father was stricken with sickness, and lay down to die. Placing his hand upon his boy's head, he said, 'My boy, love God and do his will. Remember you are to lead the ransomed ones home. I am going to God. I shall board my ship to-night—that ship is Jesus Christ. We shall unfurl sail to-night, and I shall land in heaven.' That night he died. The teachers, with the missionary, translated the Gospel of St. Matthew into the native language. The manuscript was entrusted to one of the teachers, who went to Sydney to see it through the press. While the Church waited for the Word which was to instruct and save, a sad persecution broke out. The devil would not give up his right without a struggle, and the gracious Master, who has ever used affliction to further his kingdom, permitted the powers of darkness to triumph for a while. The king was enraged because the Christians would not contribute to the ancestor-worship of their fathers, and he banished all the teachers, and forbade any missionary to dwell on the island. In the midst of trials such as these, Zerubbabel stood firm, and the sorrow hardened and tempered him as steel is prepared in the furnace. Forbidden to worship God, driven hither and thither, ordered to violate the Sabbath and deny their faith, the little band passed through much tribulation to the glory.

In the midst of this trial, Zerubbabel's mother received her call to die. With her parting breath she gave her son afresh to God, and blessed him for the work of the Lord. 'You are,' said she, 'God's leader. I see the people returning as the ransomed of the Lord to Zion with everlasting joy. Now, farewell; I am ready for my voyage; the night is calm, the sea is smooth, the wind is fair, the tide is turning; I see my pilot—Jesus—is here'; and she passed home to God. After many days, the ship arrived with the precious Word of God, but the teacher was forbidden to land. Zerubbabel went off to him; there was great sorrow, but bravely they faced the position. 'Give me the books,' said the young man, 'I will persuade the king to let me start a school. I will teach the children to read and you must pray that God will guard his own.' With tears and hopes and prayers they parted. The school was started, and for years a dark silence rested over the once fruitful field. The Fijian missionaries looked across the waters, and prayed that the set time to favor Zion might speedily come. St. Matthew's Gospel was doing its work. The joy bells of that sweet evangel were ringing—'Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest.' With all the glad messages of a risen Saviour the ransomed were called home, and Zerubbabel had the joy of seeing the dark clouds roll back, and the shouts of triumph came out again.

So, on one morning, as a Fijian missionary walked in his garden, a man hastened to him from a ship which had just arrived. He had in his hand a dirty scrap of paper, which seemed to call for quarantine or instant destruction. He touched it slightly, but his eyes danced with joy as he read, 'Come to Rotumah—Jesus has triumphed.' With great delight the news spread. A deputation set off at once. The Church was waiting for strength. Many awaited baptism. The heathen worship, like Dagon, had fallen before the living God. And brighter days now came. Missionaries were settled upon the island. Zerubbabel, as an old man, looked back with gladness, as he said, 'What hath God wrought!' The English missionaries were withdrawn, and the island flourishes as a self-supporting mission to-day, with 630 members, 1,400 Sunday and day scholars, and 1,700 adherents, who are united in heart to hear and follow the Gospel of Jesus.

Acknowledgments.

FOR GENERAL WORK OF LABRADOR MISSION.

Two Canadians in California, $15; Frank W. Elliott, $10; A Norwich Sympathizer, $10; Belmont S.S., Alta., $2; Another Canadian, $2; Lily Cooper, $2; J. E., Montreal, $2; Marie J, Lawson, $2; B. Marven, $2; In His Name, Sherbrooke, $2; Mrs. S. A. Wolever, $1; Elsie M. Graham, $1; Alex. Sinclair, $1; Marion Stirling, $1; Mrs. Wm. Stirling, $1; Well-wisher, Lennoxville, $1; total, $56.

BOYS AND GIRLS

What I Live For.

(Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks.)

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too!
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good I am to do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold:
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twixt Nature's head and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—

Fulfilling God's design.
I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

A Letter From Dr. Grenfell.

[The following letter, written last year at just this time to 'Toilers of the Deep,' is full of most interesting details that lose nothing by re-reading at this date. Dr. Grenfell has not long since left St. John's for St. Anthony's Hospital, in the 'Strathcona,' and is by now probably in much the same surroundings as when he wrote this letter.—Ed.]

Log of the 'Strathcona,' July 14, 1904.

Dear Mr. Editor,—As the summer fishery is now in full swing, and we, steaming up the Straits of Belle Isle, have visited a considerable portion of the coast, I am utilizing the time at sea to make up much leeway in our correspondence. A careful comparison of last year's observations of the weather shows that up to date there have been more strong winds than last year, though there has been less east wind, and, therefore, less fog, and less sea along the land. Nor has there been as much ice to interfere with the traps. North of Partridge Point there has been much less fish and salmon taken in nets. All along, almost all the hook and line men have actually beaten the traps; and the small crews that cannot send a boat out with lines, and at the same time tend their traps, have actually, in one or two places, already taken their traps up, and, like plucky fellows, set to work with the hook and line. It looks very like a hook and line man's year, and that would mean a small harvest of the sea, and a good price for fish. Odd as it might seem to many, the less fish caught in certain limits the better for the fishermen. It look to us, then, up to the present, like a good fishermen's year. Indeed, at the present moment, the fisherman's ideal is almost realized, that is, 'a barrel of flour for a quintal of fish.' The great price of cod liver oil last year has sent down a veritable shoal of cod oil factories all around the coast, but, as usual, the price is down again, and some, who even have got the wherewithal sent down, have not taken the trouble to commence operations. This is also partly accounted for by the fact that as yet the fish are contrary enough to have scarcely any oil in their livers. Some say that this is due to the fact that the fish have not yet come to the land after the bait fish, others that by a process of evolution are evolving a race of fish with no livers, by exterminating all those that have. Certain it is that five to seven gallons of livers are now required for a gallon of oil, while, in the fall, two will at times yield a good gallon. Everything gets fatter in the fall by provision of providence, to insulate the animals from the increasing cold.

For ourselves, as soon as the ice began to go, and to allow the fishermen to begin to come north again, we made preparations to leave for St. John's, to fit out for summer also, and so we had to get rid of our patients, and close the hospital till Dr. and Mrs. Simpson should be ready to leave Indian Harbor Hospital and open it again for the following winter. Owing to the new arrangement of steamers carrying the mails, the French shore is no longer in communication with Labrador. The new coastal boat, 'Prospero,' not going further north than Cape Bauld. This is a very serious mistake. The large number of craft on the French shore can no longer get the news from Labrador that they so eagerly waited for before crossing in previous years. Visitors, travellers, and others on the French shore can no longer go on to Labrador, but must return to Tilt Cove, and perhaps wait a fortnight, or go all the way round by the west coast. This is equivalent to saying they cannot go at all. But what is much more serious for the people is that, though there is no medical officer between Tilt Cove and Bonne Bay, they are now cut off from the hospital at Battle Harbor, which, in previous years, they freely availed themselves of. We took three patients across for operations in the 'Strathcona' only this week, but they are now unable to get back again. This fact prevented several others from coming.

When we arrived at St. Anthony from the sound we found one of our young fishermen had had a serious accident in our absence. A gun had gone off, and shot him through the thigh. He lived only a mile and a-half from the hospital, but there was no doctor there. Mr. and Mrs. John Moore went over and did all they could for him, but though he was still quite conscious and able to talk to them he was bleeding to death. A man-of-war came in soon after, and with the usual kindness of naval officers did all their skilled aid could then do; he died on board as they were carrying him to the hospital. The interest in our ambulance classes will no doubt be largely stimulated by this unfortunate case, and we shall make it more than ever our aim that there shall be a class held in every settlement near the hospital; men can then come to the lectures in winter, at least one man carrying the certificate of efficiency to render first aid to the wounded.

It is only right that I should add here a testimonial to the excellent work done for the sick last winter by Mrs. Moore, who acted as my nurse and matron all the spring, and who now is a sort of resource for many fishermen who keep coming to St. Anthony expecting to find the hospital open. In view of these cases, which are numerous, we have fitted her out with a sort of sailor's dispensary, the mixtures being made on the model of the dispensaries furnished to the skippers of our North Sea Mission vessels that do not carry a medical officer. The medicines, though simple, are exceedingly useful, and can be handled with very considerable benefit by any intelligent person. It sounds a very unprofessional arrangement, but, in view of the circumstances, is the best that can be done. The Council of the Mission have been spending some twenty thousand dollars a year now for some years on their various hospitals and medical agencies on this coast, and they are not in a position to allocate any further money for a doctor at this hospital in summer unless some fresh source of income is forthcoming for that purpose. Much to our disappointment also, the Mission Council have been obliged to withdraw the little steamer 'Julia Sheridan' from the service. This is also with a view to lessen the expense of the Labrador work. It will mean a great deal to many who in previous years have looked eagerly for its visits. Dr. Simpson has purchased a new motor launch for his own work among the islands around Indian Harbor Hospital. He is now at Indian Hospital again, after a winter in England.

By the kindness of Commodore Paget, the winter supplies for St. Anthony Hospital were carried down on his ship, the 'Charybdis,' and duly landed on the new wharf. The value of this to us is not small. For we had no one there to land the heavy cases, and it was only play to the bluejackets to do what would have meant serious trouble to us. We have many others to thank for kindnesses and help, especially the directors of the Reid Newfoundland Company. Our own first point of call, after leaving St. John's, was at Englee; here we found the people all down from the mill, at work at the fishery, but with very few fish. The little mill was doing good work, but the men were all still on very short rations. The months of winter between the last visit of the winter mail steamer and the first visit of the summer boat are so long that it is enough to leave any coast starving that is not wealthier than ours. For I do not know many laboring populations anywhere that could pay down the money to buy provisions for at least six months in advance, and this the French shore has to do, though our mail steamer is off our coast seal fishing in March. The Government are getting tilts built at suitable distances along the coast, from Canada Bay to the bottom of White Bay, to give a better mail service in winter. The poor fellows, who tried to drag the heavy bags across that wild country, have had to shelter on the snow, or in it, many times, and in a bad year, like last year, were unable altogether to get through. It is hoped that when these tilts are built a good track will be cut also, avoiding any fear of men missing the road, and making it possible for dogs to drive clear of the trees. It is an amazing thing what a lot of things man can do without if he is forced to do so, and yet needs directly he can obtain them. The mill

had spent in buying logs this winter, from the families that had gathered round it, some five thousand dollars. Previously winter work was not known in this region. We should expect an almost indecent state of affluence therefore this spring. There is very little difference to be seen yet, however, though there is next to no debt to commence the season with.

(To be continued.)

More Than a Match.

We have received an interesting letter from a business man in this city, who does not forget his boyhood days, nor think it too much trouble to pass on a good thing to the boys and girls of to-day. It would be hard to do better than this, but if you think you can, let us know. Our friend writes:—

'The other day I happened to pick up a copy of the 'Northern Messenger' dated June 2, 1905, and noted therein a sentence of about thirty-five letters containing all the letters of the alphabet. As the heading of the paragraph seemed to me to be an invitation to go one better I take the liberty of sending you a sentence of twenty-seven letters containing the complete alphabet, the duplicated letter being the "u."

'The sentence is:—"Quiz, Jack, thy frowns vex—G. D. Plumb." G. D. Plumb is the name of the originator of the thing, and his name is, as you will see, necessary to include the entire alphabet.

'I take no credit to myself for the sentence which I have known for years, and which to my mind is rather ingenious, I am unable to state definitely its source .You may make whatever use you like of it.'

Try Them Yourself.

Do you want some very good tongue exercise? You can get it by reading or attempting to read, rapidly the following sentences, recently published in the Atlanta 'Constitution.' For those who may have in future life to read or speak in public there is more in such exercises than mere fun:

Six little thistle sticks.

Flesh of freshly-fried fish.

Two toads, totally tied, tried to trot to Tedbury.

The sea ceaseth, but sufficeth us.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-source shop welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swam, swan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of the black haddock.

Susan shineth shoes and socks, socks and shoes shineth Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for socks and shoes shock Susan.

You know the tongue twister Peter Piper, but there are others which are harder. One of the worst is, 'mixed biscuits.' Try saying that rapidly, and if you succeed, say this, 'Stop at the shop at the top of Sloane Street.'—Ex.

A Correction.

We regret that in our Dominion Day supplement of June 20, in Mrs. Keane's song, 'The Colonials and the Flag,' the fourth line of the first verse was omitted, namely:—

'Freedom's flags Britannia's might'

Which Shall it Be?

The Rev. Jas. Learmont, in a pointed talk to the boys and girls in the English 'Examiner,' quotes the following little verses:—

'"Stay at home," said Inclination,
"Let the errand wait,"
"Go at once," said Duty, sternly,
"Or you'll be too late."

'"But it rains," said Inclination,
"And the wind is keen."
"Never mind all that," said Duty,
"Go and brave it, Jean."

'Jean stepped out into the garden,
Looked up at the sky;
Clouded, shrouded, dreary, sunless,
Rain unceasingly.

'"Stay," again said Inclination.
"Go," said Duty, "go."
Forth went Jean with no more waiting,
Or a selfish "No."

'You will smile if now I tell you
That this quiet strife,
Duty conquering Inclination,
Strengthened all her life.'

An Old Lady's Home.

(Victor Gage Kimbert, in the 'Northern Christian Advocate.')

Mrs. Brigham was in a state of utter disgust. She had come home the week before and remarked with great complacency that she did hope Mrs. Warner would appreciate the extra efforts made in her behalf, for it had taken a good bit of diplomacy and no small amount of labor to induce the managers to accept her without the usual fee, but that finally they had been successful, and the way to the Old Ladies' Home was at last opened for Mrs. Warner.

It had been impossible to raise money sufficient to pay the amount required, but, after much deliberation, the trustees had decided to accept Mrs. Brigham's protégée, and use the rental of a small house, of which Mrs. Warner had a life lease, as part payment.

There had been many who had said with emphasis that it was a shameful thing that the widow of Rafe Warner should be compelled to want for anything, so generous, so liberal, had he been during his life, and the whole of his comfortable provision for her was lost in one of the too common bank failures, in which human sharks remorselessly swallow the means of their victims. Although much sympathy was felt and expressed, the fact remained that Mrs. Warner had not been far from starvation during the preceding winter. She had made no complaint, but kindly disposed persons had made the matter known to Mrs. Brigham, who in her capacity as director of a half dozen charitable enterprises, and contributor to a dozen others, for she was nothing if not charitable, had seemed the one to take the matter in hand. She had done her best and relieved many of her wants, without discovering that starvation would have been only a little bit harder to the poor woman.

Mrs. Brigham felt indignant, and no wonder, for after all her efforts to get her admitted to the Home, Mrs. Warner had cried like a child and begged to remain where she was. To do Mrs. Brigham justice, it was not alone for praise and gratitude she worked for others, but she did like to have her work appreciated, and enjoyed managing other people's affairs. If, sometimes, she overlooked individuality, and classed her poor people together, as a man would a flock of sheep, it is but due to her to remember that she attempted and accomplished a great deal for others, and, being human, it follows that even her good works should have a flavor of herself.

'I'll go over and get little Miss Vincent to take her in hand,' she said, after a little reflection. 'She'll make her listen to reason if any one can, and after all that's been said and done I'm ashamed to have the matter end like this.'

Little Miss Vincent was a valuable adjunct to Mrs. Brigham, though the latter had looked askance two years before when Miss Vincent's father had sent his annual cheque to her with a note saying that his daughter would hereafter take his wife's place on the board and asking that any deficiency in finances be referred to him, as he was desirous of continuing his support to the work in which his dead wife had been so interested. The cheque was altogether too large to admit of any objection being made to his suggestion, though the maturer woman felt that 'that slip of a girl' was really too young to be of much value in their councils, but they soon learned that Agnes Vincent brought a devoted heart and life to the service, and, in her pleasant, winning way, accomplished much that they would not attempt.

'Of course I will go,' she answered Mrs. Brigham, 'and I think I can put the matter in such a light that she will be glad to consent;' but within a half hour after going over to Mrs. Warner's she had gone entirely over to the enemy, and was doing her utmost to contrive in some way so that the old lady need not leave her home.

Mrs. Warner was taking up a few late dahlias and tying up some geranium roots when Miss Vincent came, and the look upon her face, as she learned her errand, went to the girl's heart.

'Oh, if they would only let me alone, I would die before I would ask for anything,' she sobbed. 'I didn't ask for anything last winter; some one told them I was suffering, but, oh, Miss Vincent, if you'd lived here as long as I have, and loved every stick and stone in the yard, every bit of wood in the old house, you wouldn't want to leave it either. It takes so little to keep me, and I would rather have only half enough to eat here than everything over there. I hate a prison and that's all them institutions be,' she finished, forgetting grammar in her earnestness.

Miss Vincent talked long and kindly to the poor old soul, who finally sobbed out that she wished she could die and be out of people's way, adding, 'If only my boys had lived, I could make a home here for them and be a burden to no one.'

Her visitor looked up quickly, a thought flashing across her mind. She put out her hand: 'Just a moment, Mrs. Warner. I almost believe that I can help you in your own way instead of in ours. I know that when strong men walk the streets in search of work and fail to find it, that it seems almost impossible that you can have work brought to you, but I think we can accomplish it. Your remark about making a home for your boys was the electric spark I needed. There are many boys in whom I am interested who have no home. They have a place to eat and sleep for which they pay more than they can afford. Now I think you and I will give them a home. You have this house, which is very fortunate. How many boys do you think you are able to cook for and attend to generally, except the washing? Four? I do not wish you to overdo, but the boys whom I shall get will give you $2.50 a week a piece, which will give you $10 in all. Should

you find it impossible to get fuel with that amount I will help you out, but you will find it ample, I think, for everything, as many families are brought up nicely on $10 a week, when rent has to be paid besides. This will not leave you much for your own work, but it will supply you with good food, warm home, and I think a little extra. Each boy must give you a quarter a week for washing, and then you can have some woman come in and do the washing and ironing for you, and any little odd jobs you may wish done. There are plenty of women who will be glad to come and work for you an entire day for a dollar. What do you think of it?'

Think of it! Never so long as she lives will Miss Vincent forget the utter abandon of joy with which the woman received her proposition. She went down on her knees, clung to her skirts and cried out that she was an angel. The transition from almost a pauper to one who could work for others, even hire another to help her, was too much for her overwrought nerves, and Miss Vincent feared an attack of hysteria, but she gradually calmed her, as she went on with her calculation of items and their probable cost, which would be required to make the experiment a success. 'Give them plenty of plain food,' she said, 'it will be cheaper than keeping them half starved; besides, they are going to pay for it, and I wish them to have all the liberties you can give them and still keep within proper bounds. Give each of them a key, for boys like to be trusted, yet have it understood that you do not wish the house open, ordinarily, after a certain hour, and I think they will respect your wishes. I know, of course, what boys I shall send you, and I shall trust you to make it as homelike as possible for them, for they have no homes of their own. I will see that they have good reading matter. They are inclined to be a little musical, and I believe we can so interest them that they will be better men than they would otherwise have been.'

All the mother in Mrs. Warner was aroused and she began preparing for the boys as if they were really her own, and mentally decided that they should have some genuine homemade bread and doughnuts, to say nothing of mince pie, and a chicken, at Christmas. She knew even better than Miss Vincent that ten dollars a week would run the house with a fair margin, for she was a careful buyer and excellent cook. The furniture was there in plenty, and she was glad that she could again be of use.

That evening Miss Vincent went to the evening school where she expected to meet the boys. She told them of the plan she had made for them, saying:

'You know the college boys gather in a house and hire a woman to cook for them, finding they can live much cheaper in a club than when each pays for separate board. This will be very much the same, only this lady does not expect to charge you for her work. You will have no wages to pay, but she will of course board with you, and you will each be at liberty to bring home fruit or anything extra you may wish, if you have friends come to visit you. We have made the price low, and expect you not only to appreciate that, but also the fact that you will really be at home, for this is what I expect manly boys to do; go to this old lady's home and help to make one for her and for yourselves at the same time.'

'We're going to found an old lady's home rather early in life, I think, don't you, Miss Vincent?' laughed one of the boys who was thoroughly delighted with the proposed plan.

She selected four of the boys whom she had found the most trustworthy in her dealing with them, and the next week found them snugly settled in their new home. The plan was a success in every way, and at the expiration of three months the boys begged that another bed might be set up so that two more of their friends could have the same advantages. Mrs. Warner consulted with Miss Vincent and they concluded that by hiring a little extra work done it could be managed.

Mrs. Brigham was good enough and unselfish enough to be really pleased, though she said, 'No one but you, Agnes, would ever have thought of such a thing. I am sure you deserve a great deal of credit.'

'Oh, no,' laughed Miss Vincent, 'I just knew there were those boys without any home, and here this woman without any boys, so I simply brought them together, and, presto! the thing was done, and my old lady's home complete.'

Stories of the Merricks.

A SPECIALIST IN FLATS

(Concluded.)

(Walter Leon Sawyer, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

'That'll be fun, only I won't get "any forarder," as Martha says, toward earning my own living.'

'That you will.' But Mrs. Merrick offered no explanation, and her daughter had to take her on trust. To be sure, that was generally a safe thing to do. Martha Lewis, the woman who came in on Mondays to do the washing, always affirmed that Mrs. Merrick's 'maybe' was worth more than some people's 'sure pop.'

At any rate, it proved that Mrs. Merrick understood her daughter. Della passed a delightful week in the furniture shops, asking questions and making notes; and then she arranged her combinations. Some admitted of a sideboard, others of only a serving-table. Every estimate included an extension table, but the chairs and floor covering were 'various,' as the girl said, for liberality in one direction had to be offset by economy in another. Yet it was really wonderful how much one could buy for fifty dollars!

'It's as fascinating as putting together a puzzle,' Della observed, when she handed the lists to her mother. 'But what's the use of it all, mamma? I'm not going to set up housekeeping.'

'But lots of people are,' said Mrs. Merrick, with an enigmatic smile.

More than once afterward Della found her poring over the estimates, and was called upon to explain or defend them, to justify her choice of chairs or tell why she selected a 'golden oak' table.

Sometimes the girl was glad to divert her mind with such discussions. For instance, when some scheme had failed.

'I don't know how to do anything, mamma!' she declared, in the desperate mood that came when one very bright vision had faded.

'Oh, yes, you do, dear. You know how to make the best of things, generally, and that's the most valuable of accomplishments. Suppose, speaking of that, you write out for me the advantages of living in a flat, its conveniences and economies, and so forth, and mention all the space-saving and labor-saving devices you have found.'

This was a new kind of problem, and in the process of solving it acceptably Della got rid of her attack of blues. But how many such attacks were destined to follow her brave but futile efforts during the months that followed!

In the attempt to make something that really would sell, she manufactured doughnuts and Easter tokens and poetry. She earned a little money by doing plain sewing, and a little more by painting some advertising cards, but so surely as she tried to do something that seemed to her really novel and enterprising, she always failed.

It was not safe to brood over the failures. If Kendall saw tears he was likely to say that the position she was really fitted for was one in the fire department. Besides, she could not disappoint her father. He would never allow that there was any reason why she should feel discouraged.

But it was her mother who did most to help Della through seasons of gloom. A light affliction could be mitigated sometimes by a mere suggestion that it was time to joggle the parlor. When the case seemed serious, Mrs. Merrick would say things that made Della wonder—and work. For instance:

'Somebody defined a flat as a place "where everything is something else." Suppose you study the shops and get acquainted with all the pieces of furniture that serve a double purpose—such as a folding-bed with a mirror front. Tell me their cost and all about them.'

Sometimes there were imaginary rooms to be furnished; again there were color schemes and plans of decoration to be drafted; and the answers could not be slighted, for at every opening Mrs. Merrick would ask, 'Why?' and then Della must be ready with a reason. Frequently Kendall poked fun at the system.

'Miss Merrick,' he would say, 'kindly tell me, within forty-eight seconds, how you would build a roof-garden in the janitor's basement, and why?'

But at anything like this Della and her mother only laughed. The girl did not understand her mother's designs, but she knew that they were wise, and would probably have pleasant results.

She was not curious. It was the father who paved the way for an explanation, interrupting one day a vigorous debate between mother and daughter over the proper 'treatment' of a bay window.

'What are you planning, sweetheart?' he asked. 'To apprentice Della to an architect?'

'You'll all know to-morrow,' Mrs. Merrick answered. 'A gentleman's coming to make her a business proposition.'

'Millionaire wants her as superintendent of his real estate? Kendall suggested. 'Might easily find a worse one, mightn't he, sis? If I should see him, I'd tell him you're a smarter youth than your big brother. That ought to be recommendation enough.'

It proved, however, that Della had wrought her own recommendation. Summoned to the parlor the following afternoon, the first thing she saw, after her rapid glance at the elderly stranger who rose to meet her, was a bundle of her own documents—estimates, diagrams, designs, and essays on house-furnishing. The strange gentleman had the papers. He looked from them at her—rather wonderingly, Della thought.

'She's rather young, Mrs. Merrick,' he commented. 'But of course you can dress her to look older.'

'This is Mr. Delano of the Trimountain Furniture Company,' Mrs. Merrick told her daughter.

'Your mother has called our attention to these—these experiments of yours,' Mr. Delano began. 'They show uncommon grasp of the subject. You have excellent taste and a talent for practical details, and that's a rare combination. We can use a specialist in flats, so to speak, and we'll be glad to give you a trial.'

He named a generous salary. Della's voice

was smothered by surprise, but she managed to bow.

'You would be a—let us say, demonstrator. You could deal with the young married couples who don't know what to buy, and with the people who buy waggon-loads and still find their rooms full of bare places. Sometimes you'll be in the shop, and then again we'll send you out with such and such materials, to furnish so many rooms.

'Glad you made a special study of flats,' he added. 'That captured us. Wonder is that some woman didn't do it long ago, for it's just the field for a bright woman, as your mother suggested.

'The average salesman can't fit up a flat,' Mr. Delano went on. 'Restricted space, you see, adjoining rooms devoted to widely different purposes, other handicaps—he never thinks of those things. He just sells a bill of goods without stopping to inquire how they'll fit the place or each other, and when they're put together they look like a nightmare, and that hurts our business. Think you'd like a place with us, Miss Merrick?'

'I shall be very happy to try it, thank you, sir,' Della answered.

'You'll come in on Monday, then? You'll want to take a week or two to get acquainted with the stock; be on salary, of course. Congratulate you, Mrs. Merrick, on your clever daughter, and thank you for letting us know about her.'

Mr. Delano bowed himself out, and Della put her arms round her mother's neck.

'I haven't much foresight, Mamma Merrick,' the girl said, 'but I think my hindsight is pretty good. While I was fussing round wasting time and money on things I couldn't do, you were just quietly training me for something I could do! Weren't you, now?'

'Perhaps,' said Mamma Merrick.

Longevity of Animals.

Some insects live only a few hours, others for weeks. The toad lives about fifteen years.

Buffon speaks of carp in the pond of Count de Maurepas, at Pontchartrain, proved to be more than one hundred and fifty years old.

A pike caught in a lake near Heilbronn, in 1497, showed by a brass ring attached to it that it had been placed in the lake in 1230.

River trout have lived confined in wells thirty to fifty years.

Domestic fowls and other gallinaceous animals live twelve to fifteen years.

The Grand Duchess d'Urbino, when in 1633 she came to Florence to marry the Grand Duke Ferdinand, brought with her a paroquet, 'the oldest member of her family.' It lived in Florence nearly a century longer.

Storks will live for more than a century.

The camel lives forty years; the horse lives thirty years; the ox lives twenty years; the dog lives twelve years; the cat lives ten years; the sheep lives nine years; the rabbit lives eight years; the guinea-pig lives seven years.

Aristotle says that the elephant lives two hundred years, the East Indians say three hundred. An elephant whose age was not known when captured lived afterwards in captivity one hundred and thirty years.

The age of the whale, as computed by laminae of whalebone in its jaw, reaches at least four hundred years—Selected

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

If Mother Would Listen.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen that faded gown,
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun and the cheer, and the play;
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the 'Mother has had her day!'

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house,
As busy as ever a bee.
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school.
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so, your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white;
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning,
Mother will not be here:
She will fade away into silence;
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim;
And father, tired and lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day;
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet.
And ruffles as white as milk,
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair;
That mother should have it hard all through,
It strikes me isn't fair.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Babchen's Comrade.

(Eleanor F. Stone, in the 'Crusader.')

The minister glanced at the little flushed face, and the blue eyes, watching his pen hurrying over the paper.

He had bidden her wait patiently until his sermon was finished, and then he would attend to her.

The study was small, and the house little more than a cottage, standing in a miniature garden. The minister's church was a tiny structure; the congregation was not large, and the stipend nothing to boast of. But he was not a man who labored solely for the meat that perisheth.

In spite of the furrowed brow, and the deep line about the mouth, there was an expression of deep peace and abiding calm in his eyes. Six years before this his wife had died, leaving one little girl. The child was seven years old now. The little one had not been neglected. A respectable, middle-aged woman had attended to her physical needs, and a wealth of affection was lavished upon the child by her father. The people in the village almost worshipped the minister's little daughter, and she was very affectionate and winsome. The tiny figure was slight and fairy-like in its proportions, the face surpassingly fair. The little head was covered with a pretty confusion of pale yellow curls, fine as floss silk, and just now, as the sun shone in at the window behind her, it seemed to etherealize her; the curls shone like an aureole about her head; the complexion was clear almost to transparency, and the blue eyes very sweet in their expression, and set rather far apart in the fair, open brow.

The writing was finished at last, and the sermon put away; and then Mr. Leslie turned to his little daughter.

'Now, Babchen, what do you want with father?'

She climbed on his knee, and rubbed her curls against his shoulder, much as a kitten does when it is fondled. The minister laughed. 'Come, is it a new doll?' he asked.

'No, daddy. I don't love new dollies; they are too fine, and look like people when they go to church. I love my old dolly best; she is an every day dolly.'

'Well, what is it my girlie wants?' caressing the sunny curls.

'Daddy,'—here the voice fell into a rather loud whisper—'all the little boys and girls in the village have a half-holiday to-day.'

'Ah! What about it?'

A little more affectionate rubbing of the golden curls against his sleeve.

'Daddy, wouldn't you like Babchen to have a holiday, too?' Must she stay in and learn lessons when all the little boys and girls are going to the glen?'

Mr. Leslie smiled at the eager, radiant little face.

'Babchen may have a holiday, but she must not go to the glen with the children. It is two miles away.'

The blue eyes sparkled.

'But Babchen may go and play with poor Punch? Daddy will say yes to that?' she said, coaxingly.

But the minister's face clouded.

'My darling, father is not at all sure that Punch is a suitable companion for his wee girlie.'

'Poor Punch has no one else to play with,' she said, sadly.

'The fault is his own, little one. He is a naughty boy.'

'Daddy, is it all his own fault he's so very wicked?'

Mr. Leslie looked thoughtful, remembering the boy's father, and all his evil propensities.

'No, sweetheart, not all his own fault.'

The little maiden looked grave.

'Seems to me there's more'n one Punch,' she said, thoughtfully. 'People always 'spect him to be wicked, and then he is. But I b'lieve, right down ever so deep, there's a good Punch. Daddy, dear, you won't mind this once if I only go to the wood near by, and pick primroses and violets with Punch? He's never wicked when he's with me, and perhaps the violets will make him better.'

The minister thought this little daughter's company would probably have a sweeter influence than the violets, so he gave his consent, rather reluctantly. Then he watched her from the window, as she went flying down the garden path, her old doll in her arms, and her hat hanging by its strings at her back, for the sunny curls were seldom covered.

(To be continued.)

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

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LITTLE FOLKS

What Little Nelly Did.

Nelly Dinsmore was a very little body. No one would have noticed her at all, perhaps, as she sat under the east window of the church of Elms Grove, quite coiled up in the corner in her speck of a coat and hood.

'I'm such a bit of a body, he cannot be speaking to me,' thought Nelly, twisting uneasily about. 'What could I be doing for Christ? It is a pity to be little and of no use at all.'

And Nelly slipped down upon her knees, for the sermon was over, and she heard the solemn tones of the closing prayer.

And now the great folks passed out, and the church was still, when suddenly a very little voice was heard among the pews.

'Hist!' whispered Dugald, the old bell-ringer, to himself. 'It is an odd prayer enough I hear—"Jesus! make me big, and strong, and great; I then will make cakes and send them to poor Mrs. Jones, and Dugald, and the blind man on the hill, and build a barn for Roger to put his old cow in, and houses for lots of folks, and will tell everybody about heaven and God"'—but Dugald could hardly keep pace with the prayer, for he heard odder words yet coming up from the church pew, and his heart was in a tremor, and there was a mist before his eyes.

Nelly, feeling very little, and of no account, slipped out of the wonderful carved door of the church, and never knew that the old bell-ringer had heard her prayer, and was weeping strange tears—had heard a little prayer about Dugald himself—how could she know? Yet for the first time in a score of years Dugald was down upon his knees.

'What is the matter?' asked Nelly, joining a child on the pathway towards home, 'what are you doing—it is Sunday?'

'Bobbie and I were ill yesterday, and could not go for sticks, and there were none to burn, and I have been to hunt some, but I am tired,' said the child, ready to cry.

'Let me help you; there, that will be better,' said Nelly, dividing the load of sticks.

And as she tugged home with the load in her arms, and saw the child smile instead of cry, she did not know that she was doing something for Jesus.

All the way home Nelly had been thinking of the book with Bible pictures wonderful to behold, and the stories also, just as charming, and of the pleasure she was going to have; for the mother had promised that she should have the book when the service was over.

'My book! my book! mother, dear!' demanded Nelly, dancing about; 'I am crazy with thinking about it.'

Now, the mother was wearily rocking to and fro when Nelly came home, for the baby-brother was sick, and things were at odds on every side.

'You can have it, Nelly, as I promised, unless you are willing to do some helping things for mother instead.'

Nelly's face changed, but it was all aglow again in a minute. She refreshed the fire with a new stick; spread the cloth and dishes over the table; flitted hither and thither over the kitchen and larder; beat the pillows for baby; stirred the cookies that were blubbering on the stove; and did many another helping turn.

The mother's face looked rested.

'I am very little,' thought Nelly; 'I cannot do much.'

And she did not know that in

The Pop-Corn Man.

Two little girls, 'twas plain to see,
Were full of fun as they could be;
Said Kate, 'Let's make a pop-corn man;
I saw one once; I know we can.'

They worked with most persistent will;
It took much patience, tact, and skill;
They worked until the clock struck one;
Then stood him up, the man was done.

They then fell to with might and main,
And ate him up, yes, every grain.
Dear mamma smiled, 'Too bad! I see
You're little cannibals,' said she.

'We're cannibals! What can she mean?'
Said Maude. 'They're something we've not seen.'
'Don't you know why? I know,' said Fan;
'Because we ate the pop-corn man.'

—Mrs. J. S. Lowe.

doing all she could with a cheerful spirit, she was really doing great things.

It was not a grand dinner to which Nelly sat down—only some rice and a dish of pudding with a sprinkling of plums, and good plain sauce; yet Nelly was happy enough as she saw it served out, and, in advance, was enjoying the treat of the pudding.

Suddenly, however, she stopped when about to take the first spoonful. The mother was too busy to notice her movements, or the look, half joyous, half wistful, that stole over her face.

Nelly was a little body. She had wished she was larger, and had prayed God to make her big enough to do something for Jesus' sake; but when, after the dinner, she carried her own share of the pudding to the blind man over the hill, who will say that she was not already big enough—that her efforts were not acceptable with God? For God looks at the heart more than at the gift, and very little people may do many things for Jesus.—'The Christian Globe.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Bessie's Flowers.

(By Daisy L.)

[Written for the 'Messenger' by a little girl of eleven, who for three years has been an invalid herself.—Ed.]

It was a lovely cool summer morning, the kind of a morning when everyone ought to be happy, yet there were many who were not. Bessie Martin was not at all happy; in fact she was very miserable. She was a cripple, her father was dead and they were very poor. 'Her mother sat sewing by the window when Bessie said, 'Mamma! I would so love to have some flowers.' 'Well, dear,' said her mother, 'I wish you could, but I cannot afford to buy any for you.' 'No, mamma, continued Bessie, 'I know you cannot. You are very kind to me always,' Just then came a rap at the door. Mrs. Martin went and opened it. There stood a little girl holding a great bunch of flowers in her hand. 'My sister told me,' she explained, 'that there was a little girl here about my own age who was sick, so I have brought her some flowers out of my own garden.' 'For me?' cried Bessie with delight, 'Oh! thank you, so much!' And she began admiring the flowers. Presently she said, 'Please, mamma, give me some water to put them in.' Then she turned to thank the little girl, but she said good-bye so hastily that Daisy had not time to do so. After that, the little cripple received beautiful flowers every day. She said to her mother after she had been receiving them for about a week, 'Oh! Mamma, God is good! He knew I wanted those flowers, and He has sent someone to give them to me.' 'Yes, darling,' said her mother happily, 'I think He has.'

He Changed His Mind.

'I care for nobody,
And nobody cares for me.'
Sang Tommy at play in the sweet new hay,
Where nobody could see.

So his mother made the fire,
And searched for the old hen's nest,
While the sun, from its place high overhead,
Went sliding into the West.

She filled the water pail,
And picked the berries for tea,
And wondered down in her tender heart
Where her little boy could be.

Alone in the dim old barn,
Tommy grew tired of play,
When the cows came home and the shadows fell
Over the new-mown hay.

So into the kitchen he ran,
With a noisy 'Hi! yi! yi!'
His mother had made him a frosted cake;
She had made him a saucer pie.

So he gave her a loving hug—
'I will help next time,' said he;
'I care for somebody,
And somebody cares for me,'
—'Our Boys and Girls.'

Flags! Flags! Flags!

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The Birthdays of a Trio.

(Hope Daring, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.')

'It is dreadful! Here we are, twelve years old, and we've never had a birthday yet; not like other folks have, I mean.'

The two little girls were sitting on the hearth rug in Floy Burrows' home. Floy nodded her golden head, and Irene went on.

'It is—why, it's worse than dreadful to have your birthday come just four days before Christmas. I don't know of anything worse, but perhaps your's is just as bad.'

Floy sighed. 'My birthday is December 29th. When I speak of birthday gifts or parties mamma always says, "Why, dear, you had so many such things on Christmas."'

'And my mamma says Christmas is so near I better wait until then,' Irene said dolefully. 'I say, Floy, let's change our birthdays, have them come on some other days, I mean.'

'Wouldn't it be fun to have them both come on the same day? We could have a party together.'

'That would be splendid! And let's have it in the summer.'

A half hour later the two little girls entered the library where Mrs. Burrows was reading.

'Mamma, do you care if we change our birthdays?'

'Change your birthdays! What do you mean?'

'We think the 25th of June would be a better day than either one of ours. June is such a summery, rosy month, and it's a long ways from Christmas.'

Mrs. Burrows laughed. 'I see: Irene must talk to her mamma about it. This is only the first of December, and there is plenty of time, time enough for you to forget all about it.'

They did not forget. However, Christmas, New Year, Valentine's Day and May Day, and all the other good times that come to little girls, crowded the new birthday, out of their minds for a time.

(To be continued.)

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LESSON IV.—JULY 23.

The Gracious Invitation.

Isaiah lv., 1-13.

Golden Text.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Is. lv., 6.

Commit verses 6-8.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 17.—Is. lv., 1-13.
Tuesday, July 18.—Is. liv., 1-10.
Wednesday, July 19.—Is. liv., 11-17.
Thursday, July 20.—Ps. xxvii., 1-14.
Friday, July 21.—Rev. iii., 14-22.
Saturday, July 22.—Ps. cxlv., 8-21.
Sunday, July 23.—Is. xliii., 18-28.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

In the fifty-third chapter, that 'golden passional,' the prophet has described the Great Shepherd's method of recovering His wayward flock, even by the sacrifice of his Son. He dwells upon the particulars of the vicarious death of Jesus, and, in closing, exults over the triumph of him whose conquering was by love and suffering. In the fifty-fourth chapter, Isaiah describes the Church, her beauty, security, and capacity. In the fifty-fifth chapter he bursts out in a general and joyous invitation to the whole race to partake of the benefits of the atonement, and enjoy the security of the Church.

The prophet picks up (verse 1) the common street-cry of the water-vender, and turns it to the noblest use. He knows how inexhaustible are the riches of grace, when, without hesitation he invites 'every one' to partake. He has no inkling of a 'select number,' who only can accept his invitation. The 'whosoever will' of the New Testament is the echo of this 'Ho! every one,' of the Old. 'Buying without money' is only a paradoxical way of emphasizing the freeness. Water, wine and milk is a progressive scale to indicate the refreshing, exhilarating, and nourishing power of grace. But the sinner must be conscious of his need of salvation, and desire it, and come for it, as the thirsty man feels his thirst before he comes to the water-vender. And this consciousness of need (verse 2) comes with attention. The sinner must come, and bend forward to listen; he must hearken diligently. It is said of Peter after his denial of Jesus, 'When he thought thereon, he wept.' Meditation is the threshold of penitence. He who stops to think is near the kingdom.

Those who partake of the atonement are joined to God (verse 3) in the new covenant, which is never to be supplanted by any other, and which includes the mercies assured in David's greater Son, who shall be (verse 4) the ideal witness, leader, and commander of the race—he who shall witness to and teach men the way of salvation and duty, and shall, by his example and authority, lead them in it. The Redeemer's kingdom of grace (verse 5) shall sweep out to include nations not yet in existence, and others ignorant of the gospel shall show alacrity in accepting it when it is preached to them.

And it is supremely important that the gracious invitation of the gospel (verse 6) should be accepted immediately; that we should 'hearken,' 'incline the ear,' 'hear,' 'buy,' 'eat,' and seek'; for there is coming a time when the Lord can not be 'found' and will not be 'near.' The present life only is the period in which the provisions of the atonement avail. But in this life let the sinner forsake his wicked way and unrighteous thoughts; let him not only thus cease from evil, but let him do well in repentance toward God and faith in Christ, and God will not only have mercy, but will abundantly pardon. God's abundant pardon (verse 7) stands in contrast to man's illiberal forgiveness. God's thoughts and ways in general, and especially in the matter of forgiveness (verses 8, 9), are in marked contrast to man's; they are as wide asunder as heaven and earth.

And the process of grace in renewing the soul shall not be a whit less certain (verses 10, 11) than the processes of nature. As rain and snow do not return until they have accomplished the end for which they were sent, so certainly shall the blood sprinkled from Calvary be effectual in the removing of sin from the penitent and believing.

Nature herself seems to be in sympathy (verses 12, 13) with the young convert. Mountains and hills break forth before him into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands. The transformation in his character and environment is as great as if the useful and beautiful fir had supplanted the poisonous, and lacerating thorn, and the myrtle the brier.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Thirst is the fiercest, most importunate of physical appetites. It is here taken as the symbol of the soul's consciousness of need. Jesus joins hunger to thirst in his beatitude of the seeker after righteousness. It signifies alertness, persistency, use of means to end.

There is an undisguised note of assurance and complacency in the language of the prophet's invitation. He talks like one who had inexhaustible treasure at command.

The lavish hand of God is put in contrast with the grasping hand of the Oriental moneylender. God does things abundantly. The atmosphere of earth is seventy miles deep. Will it ever be breathed up? The oak shakes and enough acorns drop to plant a hundred forests. Will earth ever be denuded of its foliage? As in nature, so in grace! Enough for each, for all, for evermore!

There is certainty as well as abundance in nature. The seasons fail not. The planets move with divine precision. And this inviolable certitude of nature is but the reflection of him who is eternally the same. From this sureness of nature the prophet argues the sureness of grace.

The prophet concludes with a high grace note of gladness. Joy, peace, singing, clapping of hands.

But in the final analysis the sources of grace are not found external to one's self. There is not anywhere in the universe a mysterious reservoir of supply. 'Do not say who shall go into heaven; that is to bring it down—or who shall go into the deep; that is to bring it up. But what saith the Scripture? The kingdom of God is within you.'

The supply is subjective, not objective. Internal, not external. All the sources of a good life are already lodged in every human soul.

The first step in religion is one of discovery. One finds the possibility and power of a new life within. The next step is one of unfoldment. An evolution, ceaseless and divine, has begun.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 23.—Topic—Preparing for our heavenly home. Phil. iii., 20, 21; Heb. xi., 8-10, 13-16.

Junior C. E. Topic.

COURAGE.

Monday, July 17.—The land to be possessed. Deut. xi., 24, 25.

Tuesday, July 18.—People to be fought. Num. xiii., 28-32.

Wednesday, July 19.—No cause for fear. Deut. vii., 17, 18.

Thursday, July 20.—Be of good courage. Josh. x., 25.

Friday, July 21.—Wait on the Lord. Ps. xxvii., 14.

Saturday, July 22.—He will give strength. Ps. xxxi., 24.

Sunday, July 23.—Topic—A courage meeting. Josh. i., 1-9.

An Old Inscription.

In the ancient cathedral at Lubeck, North Germany, there is an old slab bearing the admonitory inscription:—

'Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us;

Ye call me Master and obey me not;
Ye call me Light and see me not;
Ye call me Way and walk me not;
Ye call me Life and desire me not;
Ye call me Wise and follow me not;
Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
Ye call me Just, and fear me not;
If I condemn you, blame me not.'

—Exchange.

Don'ts For Teachers.

(A. F. Schauffler, D.D., in the 'Sunday-school Times.')

The superintendent should come to the school very early, and with his whole order of service made out in full. I notice that some superintendents pick out their hymns after they reach the school, and others come in at the last moment. Both of these practises are bad. We should be on hand early, so as to be able to greet teachers and scholars, and we should have all in readiness, so as to be able calmly to attend to what others want us to arrange. Only in this way can we do the best work.

The Superintendent.

(The Rev. A. Y. Haist, in the 'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.')

'Don't expect too little.'—Expect nothing less than the conversion of every scholar in your class. Some teachers accomplish nothing, because they seem to have no aim. Others accomplish little because their aim is not high enough. Let your ideal in teaching be nothing short of divine character-building in the scholar. Some teachers seem to be satisfied when they have gone over the routine of the lesson, never reflecting that there are practical applications which they ought to bring home to the class without fail.

Mr. Gladstone's Final Choice

Mr. Gladstone and his friends were discussing the interesting question one day in Hawarden Castle of when they would rather live.

Mr. Gladstone, without any hesitation, decided from the intellectual point of view, and expressed the opinion that he would describe as the greatest day in the world's history a day in ancient Greece, when Athens was at the summit of its glory.

Another member of the group chose the Day of Pentecost.

The effect on Mr. Gladstone is still remembered vividly by those who were present. The intellectual gave way at once to the spiritual, and the aged statesman, 'seeming rather ashamed of himself,' according to one who was present, asked leave to withdraw his former choice, and to say, 'A day with our Lord.'—'Ram's Horn.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—We wish we could find space for all the letters that come with the gifts to the cot. We can only pick out a few, such as have a little more in them than merely words about the gift or the Labrador work. But they are all so good! Letters from mothers, who want their three-year-olds to have a share, and who write in Baby's name; letters from boys and girls only just able to write for themselves; letters from those who can proudly say 'it's my very own,' or 'I earned it by helping grandpa'; letters perhaps from the grandpas themselves who want their gifts to swell the fund in which the lads and lassies, big and little, are most interested; all of them show a loving interest in the good work, and most of them say, 'I wish it were more.' That's the kind of letter that makes us all glad. For we feel sure you will send again when you can, and meantime will add your prayers to your gifts, thus helping in two ways. How many of you have thought of collecting small sums from your friends or playmates for this work? To-day's list shows what two little girls can do. Lots of people would be glad to give you five or ten cents, if you talked about the cots to them, and it would let those help who would not perhaps be able to write and send us their gift, or who might feel it was too small to count. But 'Many a mickle makes a muckle,' doesn't it? Send us the slips on which you keep account of the separate gifts so that we can put the names in on this page. Remember, fifty cents and under may come in two-cent stamps, but larger sums should come in money orders or registered letters. Address 'The Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Building, Montreal. Won't you see what you can do this next week or two and send us the result? Be sure you notice what that collection is meant for. We will have a little talk about that next week.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Rosedale, Victoria County.

I am thirteen years old, and in the fourth book. I live on a farm with my grandpa, two uncles, one aunt, and a little cousin three years old. I have three aunts and three uncles on my mother's side, but one uncle is dead, and it is his little girl who is staying with us. Her initials spell 'dimes.' I have been here nine years. I live about a mile from the village of Rosedale, which has beautiful waters around. We have a post-office, but we only get mail three times a week. We have a church and Sunday-school, but we have no service except in summer. I learnt verses from the Bible, and I received a certificate and diploma from the General Assembly, Toronto. I have a little friend in Manitoba, whom I would like to hear from. Her name is Nellie McN. Her grandma lives near us. She is a fine old lady. My grandpa whom I am living with will be eighty-one on April 18.

EDYTHE P. E. B.

South Z., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been watching the 'Messenger' for some time, but have never seen any letters from South Z., so I thought if I wrote someone else would, too. I am enclosing herewith sketches of a sweet pea and a pansy, which I hope you will print. I do not know the rules of this department, so you will please excuse all errors. I am twelve years old, and go to school like all other good little girls. I am very fond of pets, and at present have a dear little bird, two grey kittens, a dog, Torie, and a little wee calf. I call my calf Daisy. Well, dear Editor, I think I have said quite enough for the first time.

MONA JOHNSON.

E. V., Que.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for about three years, and we think it is a lovely paper. It has been a very cold and stormy winter here. There was a great deal of sickness here last winter. I am very fond of reading, and have read a number of books, some of which are: 'Barley Loaves,' 'Beulah,' 'Waiting for the Morning Island' and 'Patty.' I go to school in the summer, and I am in the fourth book. Last summer I went to school on the second book, and passed to the third and then to the fourth.

ETHEL MACLEOD.

Dear Editor,—I spent my Easter holidays with my sister. She lives beside a large river, which is called River Sydenham. I had a nice time. We are having very nice weather now.

CARRIE V. PEARSON (age 11).

B., Que.

Dear Editor,—As I saw the nice drawings in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would try and make a drawing fit to send in. I will enclose this drawing of a rose, and I hope to see it in the Correspondence Page. The 'Messenger' is a paper I could not do without. I have taken it about a year.

LOUELLA LANE (age 12).

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been much interested in the drawings printed in the Correspondence

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Maple Leaf.' Ethel McLeod (10), E. V., Que.

2. 'Lady Taking Afternoon Walk.' Addie Buck, B., Ont.

3. 'Thrush and Butterfly.' Neta Abernethy (12), S., Sask.

4. 'Robbing a Bird's Nest.' Bertha Hetherington, S., Man.

5. 'A Maid of Japan. Vera H. K. (12), B., Ont.

Page of the 'Messenger,' and I am now sending one which I hope to see printed.

MYRA H. (age 15).

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have ever sent to the 'Messenger,' although we have taken it at our Sunday-school for a long time. I like the Boys' and Girls' Page best of all. I like to hear the young folks who send letters tell what their favorite books are. 'Little Men' is a nice book. I think the 'Elsie Books,' 'Pansy Books' and the 'Annie Swan Books' are nice, too. I am sending a drawing to you called 'At the Seaside.' From one of your readers,

NELLIE BARKER.

Souris, Man.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have a cat and a dog. It is raining to-day. I am going to draw a bird and a boy. I go to school. I am in the third grade. I am ten years old.

BERTHA HETHERINGTON.

Belleville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live near Belleville, and I drive my pony to the city nearly every day. I have read the four books which Hettie K. has read, besides many others. I saw Mabel M. W.'s letter asking if any of the 'Messenger' readers knew what verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet except 'j.' It is the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra. Now I wonder if any of the 'Messenger' readers' can tell me where the word 'reverend' occurs in the Bible, and how many times it occurs?

VERA H. K. (age 12).

Central Bedeque, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have only been taking the 'Messenger' a short time, but I enjoy reading it very much. I live in the country, and have a great time working in the garden. We keep only one cow, one horse, one pig and a pet dog and cat, and do not farm very much, as my father keeps a grocery store and tailor shop. It is very pretty here in summer when the trees are out in leaf and the flowers are blooming. We often go picking berries in the summer as they are very plentiful here. I am sending forty cents to aid the 'Messenger Cot' in Labrador.

LOUISE CALLBECK (age 12).

S., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I will write you a letter. We have twenty-five hens, a cow, and calf. I have one brother; he is five years old, and has not gone to school yet. I get the 'Messenger,' and think it is a nice paper. We are having fine weather here now, and everything is growing finely. I will enclose one drawing.

NETA ABERNETHY (age 12).

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is a lady out for her afternoon walk. I hope I have followed the rules correctly, as I have tried to.

ADDIE BUCK.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

OUR LABRADOR COT FUND.

A Friend, Desboro, $3; Geo. Bell, $2; Mrs. R., Montreal, $2; A Friend, Coalburn, $1; S. Margaret Lawson, $1; Mrs. L. McKenney, $1; Subscriber, Skaise, $1; Nellie and Mary Young, $1; Allison McKenzie, 50c; Effie G. M., 20c; John Van Pelten, 20c; Delbert Van Pelten, 10c; collected by Grace Crowe and Catherine Wright towards the furnishing of a cot, $14.13, in sums as follows:—Mrs. D. Wright, 25c; Catherine Wright, 15c; Grace Crowe, 15c; M. J. Wright, 5c; Beatrice Crowe, 15c; Minnie Crowe, 15c; Mrs. J. Crowe, 50c; Herbert Priestwood, 10c; Louise Priestwood, 3c; Mrs. P. Cudhea, 10c; Florence Cudhea, 5c; Annie Cudhea, 5c; Bobbie Cudhea, 5c; Nettie Cudhea, 5c; Mrs. A. Sherlock, 25c; Mrs. J. McLeod, 5c; Mrs. Herriett, 10c; Mrs. Gilbert, 10c; Mrs. Purdy, 5c; Mrs. Hale, 5c; Mrs. Murray, 10c; Mrs. F. Gilroy, 10c; Mrs. A. Gilroy, 10c; Mrs. A. Hefferman, 10c; Miss Sutherland, 25c; Mrs. Stonehouse, 10c; Dr. Clay, 10c; Miss E. McLeod, 30c; Herbert Wright, 10c; H. McKenzie, 10c; Melissa Holmes, 10c; Mrs. J. McDonald, 10c; Mrs. Staples, 10c; George O'Brien, 10c; Mrs. Buchannen, 10c; Mrs. Caufield, 10c; Ella McPherson, 10c; Rupert Rhoney, 50c; Mrs. C. Jewkes, 10c; Beatrice Noiles, 10c; Mrs. J. Jewkes, 10c; Mrs. Canning, 10c; Mr. W. Embree, 25c; Mr. H. Perrin, 15c; Mr. J. Clarke, 10c; Mr. T. Embree, 10c; A. Jewkes, 10c; J. Jewkes, 15c; Mrs. Falconer, 5c; Mrs. Hannah, 15c; Mrs. Warren, 10c; Mr. Cowans, $2; A Friend, 25c; C. Halten, 25c; F. Wilson, 25c; Mrs. Blinkhorn, 25c; J. Flaherty, 25c; A Friend, 5c; Hugh Simpson, 10c; E. Milley, 20c; John Reid, 25c; R. J. Flaherty, 10c; Helen Wright, 5c; the Rev. D. Wright, 25c; Mrs. Hargreaves, 10c; Mrs. Stewart, 25c; Mrs. Hall, 25c; Mrs. Estabrooke, 25c; Mrs. McLeod, 10c; Mrs. McLean, 25c; Mrs. Coon, 25c; Mrs. Johnson, 5c; Mrs. McLean, 10c; Mrs. McLean, 10c; Mable Crowe, 5c; Jessie Crowe, 10c; Lina Crowe, 25c; J. Smith, 30c; Mr. Moore, 10c; Mrs. Millard, 10c; Mrs. Jenkins, 10c; Mrs. McLean, 10c; Mrs. McEachern, 20c; total this week, $27.13.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

'Be of Good Cheer.'

(Jessie Forsyth.)

'The Lord stood by him and said, Be of good cheer.'—Acts xxiii., 10.

'Be of good cheer!' I have no other message,
No better words to say, with tongue or pen,
Than those the Master uttered, as a presage
Of peace and comfort to the hearts of men.

'Be of good cheer!' to those who stood around Him,
Wistful and yearning, torn 'twixt hope and fear;
'Be of good cheer!' and he whose foes had bound him,
In prison felt the inspiring Presence near.

'Be of good cheer!' 'tis thine to do the sowing,
Though thou mayst never see the promised yeld;
Yet toil thou on, in humble patience, knowing
The harvest, in due time, shall bless the field.

'Be of good cheer!' what matters care and sorrow
If thou canst look beyond them, and discern
The promise of an ever-nearing morrow
When all thy failure shall to victory turn?

'Be of good cheer!' so shall the joy thou knowest
Unto new courage and new hope inspire
Those who toil with thee, and where'er thou goest
Altars shall glow with a rekindled fire.

A Striking Lesson.

A man who lately came over from America told the writer that on board the steamer one of the passengers went up to another in the smoking-room and asked him to have a drink with him. The man thus invited continued reading a newspaper and made no reply. The other man again asked him to drink with him. No answer again. A third invitation was then given in these words: 'Sir, I have asked you in as friendly a way as possible to drink with me, and each time you went on with your reading, and had not the civility to answer me. Now I ask you for the third time if you will drink wine, whiskey or anything else with me?' The man then put aside his paper and answered very quietly: 'Do you see that glass, sir?' Well, if I were to take even a quarter of it, I could not leave off until I had drunk all the liquor on board. This is why I would not drink with you.' All present admired the man's self-control, and learned a striking lesson on the danger of putting temptation in a brother's way.—'The Quiver.'

The Causes of Pauperism.

A new official rule in England requires that the various Boards of Guardians in their annual returns to the Local Government Board shall in future give additional details with a view to showing the cause which has resulted in the pauperism of persons receiving relief. It has on many occasions been declared that three-fourths of the inmates of workhouses and pauper lunatic asylums owe their position to excessive drinking. Figures already in possession of the Local Government Board showing that drunken paupers cost the London ratepayers alone over $5,000,000 a year will, it is believed, be confirmed by the new returns. Official statistics show that the yearly bill for maintaining the drunken insane of London amounts to $100,000. In spite of expert testimony from Boards of Guardians, workhouse masters, and others, it is always being contended by Socialists that drink is not the cause of pauperism, but the effect. They even go further, they argue that if the workers became more temperate the labor market would be over-stocked and wages would consequently be lowered. This is the teaching of not a few prominent Socialist leaders, many of whom, by the way, are themselves abstainers. If drinking increases wages and Temperance lowers them, then why these abstaining Socialists? Do they abstain because of the advantages they obtain over their more weaker brethren who drink? If so, that is scarcely true brotherhood. Mr. John Burns rightly says 'this is an absurd and vicious doctrine and places a premium on dissipation.' It would surely be more honest if those champions of labor, and of the oppressed, would teach the advantages they themselves derived from total abstinence to their brothers. The money which is now wasted on drink, if spent in propaganda work, would go a long way towards ameliorating the hard lot of the workers until such other reforms as they demand are secured, or, if it was taken home, it would do much to assuage the sufferings of the great army of underfed school children.—The 'Alliance News.'

One Way to Get Warm.

A patient was arguing with his doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant; he urged that he was weak and needed it; Said he, 'But, doctor, I must have some kind of stimulant; I'm cold, and it warms me.' 'Precisely,' came the doctor's crusty answer. 'See here; this stick is cold'—taking up a piece of wood from a box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire. 'Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?' The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke and then burst into a flame, and replied, 'of course not; it is burning.' 'And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain.'—Exchange.

The Angel and the Demon.

(Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, author of 'The Double Thread,' etc., in the 'Friendly Visitor.')

A good angel strove with the Demon of Drink for the soul of Frank Marsden.

'I will save him by his word to his dying mother,' said the Angel; 'a man's word to his mother is strong.'

The Demon laughed. 'But I am stronger,' he said.

Jane Marsden lay dying, and as her end drew near, she besought her only son, with bitter tears and entreaties, that before she died he would give her a sacred promise to turn from the error of his ways.

'Oh, Frank,' she moaned, 'I cannot die in peace unless you promise me that after I am gone you will give up that accursed drink. It will ruin you, my lad, body and soul.'

Frank hid his handsome face in his hands, and sobbed aloud: 'Mother, mother, don't go away and leave me alone. I've been a bad son to you; but if you'll only stay with me I'll never give you another moment's sorrow as long as I live.'

The widow's thin hand wandered lovingly among her boy's thick curls. 'You'd have been a perfect son to me if it hadn't been for the drink, dear,' she said gently. 'There isn't a cleverer or a handsomer lad in the countryside than my Frank; and if you'd only be steady, you'd be a great man some day.'

'I shall never do any good without you to help me, mother.'

'Yes, you will, Frank, if only you'll leave off drinking. Promise me that you'll give it up for my sake,' begged the dying woman. 'I shan't rest easy in my grave till I have your sacred promise, dear. If you make a promise, I know that you will keep it; for you were always true to your word, even when you were but a little lad.'

And Frank—who, in spite of his faults, was a devoted son—gave the desired promise.

'You have made me so happy, Frank,' murmured the dying woman. 'I know you'll be a great man some day, and I hope that I shall be allowed to hear of it; for it would make me happier even in heaven to know that my boy had become what God meant him to be.'

So Jane Marsden went down to the grave rejoicing in her son's repentance. 'I am glad to die,' she said to herself. 'If by my death, Frank's heart and life may be changed; for a promise made to a dead mother will prove stronger than all the vows sworn to a living one.'

For two years after his mother's death Frank religiously kept the promise he had made to her, and tasted no drop of the poison he had abjured; and, in consequence, he got on in the world, for he was a very clever lad, and as he was still young, people were willing to regard his wild boyhood as a youthful freak, and to help him to settle down into a respectable member of society. But at the end of those two years the old craving awoke with redoubled force, and its miserable victim again succumbed to its power. Marsden lost his situation and spent all his savings at the 'Blue Boar,' and altogether became a sorry spectacle for angels and men.

Again the good Angel strove with the Demon of Drink for the soul of Frank Marsden.

'I will save him by the might of a good woman's love,' said the Angel; 'a good woman's love is strong.'

The Demon laughed. 'Not as strong as I am,' he said.

When Frank Marsden was in the depths of his degradation, he saw for the first time the face of Alice Garth, and it seemed as if a new world had suddenly opened to him. For the sake of this sweet girl he felt that he could wrestle with the principalities and powers of darkness, and could prevail. And Alice loved the clever, handsome youth, who had fallen so far from his original estate; and her heart was filled with a passionate longing to lead him back again into the paths of righteousness.

'I am not fit to speak to you, Alice,' said Frank, one day. 'I worship the very ground you walk on; but I can't think what you can find to like in a miserable wretch like me whom everybody justly despises.'

'I love you, Frank,' replied Alice; 'and love, you know, sees the ideal hid in the person, just as the sculptor sees the statue hid in the block of stone. To the people who truly love us we appear to be what God meant us to be; the Frank whom I love is the real Frank, and his sins and shortcomings are nothing but a husk, which with my help he will succeed in casting off for ever.'

'Alice, I swear that if anything could make a respectable man again of me, such love as yours could do it. When I drink I feel as if some devil has entered into me, and that I am not myself at all. I assure you, my darling, no one loathes and despises me more at such times than I loathe and despise myself; and yet the evil that I would not, that I do.'

'But I want to stand at your side and help you not to do it, dear. As the sculptor carves the statue out of the stone, so I mean to make the ideal Frank that now only I can see, into the real Frank that everyone can see.'

'And you shall do it, sweetheart, if only you will have patience with me, and forgive me that which is past.'

Alice's face was as the face of an angel as she answered, 'My patience shall never grow weary, Frank, and my forgiveness shall be until seventy times seven.'

So with the prize of a lovely and loving wife before him, Frank Marsden put aside the sin which so easily beset him, and began the race of life afresh. And so quick and clever was he that again he made himself a place in his own world, and began to earn the admiration and respect of his fellow men. It required two or three years of hard work before he was in a position to offer Alice Garth such a home as he felt was meet for a refined, delicately nurtured girl, and those years of waiting were very sweet to both of them. During that time Alice was mistress of the village school, and happy indeed were the half-holidays that she and her lover spent together; in the winter reading and discussing books new and old, and in the summer reading their own life's romance instead, and studying in grassy lanes and sweet-scented hay-fields that never-wearying fairy tale which is always old and always new. At last their fairy tale ended—as fairy tales ought to end—with a gay little wedding in the village church; and Frank Marsden took Alice Garth to love and to cherish till death should them part.

(To be continued.)

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Grace of Cheerfulness.

'I said: I will be glad to-day!
The rain-clouds drift along the hills,
The grass is drowned in lakes and rills,
The birds of song are chilled and mute,
The dreariness seems absolute;
And yet I will be glad to-day!

I will be glad, be glad to-day,
Though many tiresome tasks are set
My patient hands, I will forget
The frets that trouble and depress,
And think on things of pleasantness;
And so I will be glad to-day!

I will be glad to-day, to-day;
For summer suns again will shine,
The air will thrill like tonic wine,
The birds will sing as ne'er before,
And with these blisses yet in store
Why should I not be glad to-day?
—Emma A. Lente.

Good Bread.

My summer vacation was spent on a large farm lying on the Iowa side of the Mississippi river, says a writer in 'Good Housekeeping.' The mistress of the model farmhouse was also the 'cook lady,' and she made the finest bread I ever tasted. It was moist, fine grained, fairly velvety in texture, and particularly sweet flavored. The following is her recipe: Take one dry yeast cake (this will act as the leaven for four large loaves of bread and two dozen plump dinner or tea biscuit) and soften it in a coffeecupful of lukewarm water, stir in flour enough to make a thick batter ('sponge' my hostess called it), beat well, cover closely and set where it will not become chilled. Do this about supper time. In the morning scald two quarts of thickened, slightly soured, milk, and drain off the whey (use the curd for cottage cheese) and add it to the now foamy sponge. Add also a level tablespoonful of salt, and a heaping tablespoonful of lard. The whey of course must be cooled to a little over the lukewarm degree before adding to the yeast mixture. Now add flour sufficient to make a batter as thick as pound cake, and beat vigorously for at least fifteen minutes. Then add flour and knead until a soft, elastic, non-sticking mass is the result. Twenty minutes is none too much to devote to this stage of the proceedings. Set to rise and when doubled in bulk, cut down, and when it has risen again divide into five parts, mould four parts into loaves and one into biscuits, brushing the latter all over with melted butter: when doubled in bulk, bake, the bread requiring about fifty minutes and the biscuits twenty-five minutes in a properly heated oven.

A Fashionable Call.

'How do you do, Mrs. Brown? Are you well to-day?'

'Quite well, thank you; and how are yourself and family?'

'Oh, well as usual, except bad colds, and Johnnie has the whooping-cough.'

'Anything new your way?'

'No, nothing particular—oh, yes; have you heard that Mr. Allen is to marry Mary Liamkin?'

'No, indeed! How did you learn that?'

'Why, ahem! you know I was telling you some time ago that I thought he might have a notion of her, and yesterday I was over to Mrs. Sundykes, and she said that Mrs. Ninghammer told her that she heard Nellie Derwhine tell Jennie Itchingear that she overheard Mrs. Softspeech telling John Benson's wife, in her husband's store, that Susan Blokinson told Sarah Readymatch, whom you remember we all thought Mr. Allen ought to have, that she would better keep "wide awake,' for Ellen Cook heard Mrs. Mitchell tell her mother that Mrs. Vergrow told her that Fie Davison learned from Mabel Johnson that Mrs. Hamilton understood Mrs. Dan Smith to say that she was informed at the sewing circle that Samuel Clark's wife had a letter from Mrs. Gates in Boston, where Mr. Allen used to live, in which it was stated that Mr. Allen had reported to a former friend that he had found his favorite, giving an exact description of Mary Liamkin, except that he did not make her quite tall enough (an easy mistake, you see, on so short an acquaintance), and that she had auburn hair instead of red, which is accounted for by the fact that he met her only in the evening; at any rate, if all reports are true, Mr. Allen did show a decided preference for Mary at the social, for though partners for the table were drawn by lot, he accompanied her to tea, and instead of passing the cake to his right hand at once, as he should have done, he gave Mary, who, of course, sat at his left, the privilege of removing the first piece. It is further reported that he inquired who she was before he had drawn her card, and was introduced as a partner for supper. Putting all these little things together, it is quite as clear as sunshine that they will be married, for what everybody thinks must be so.'

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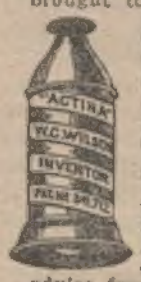

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More Schools Well Pleased.

Mt. Royal Vale, Que.,
June 22, 1905.

The Flag Dept.,
Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Montreal, Que.

Dear Sirs,—On behalf of the pupils of the Mt. Royal Vale School and their friends, I beg to thank you for the very fine flag which you sent in return for their subscriptions. I am sure the pupils feel well rewarded for the effort they made, and all are pleased with the flag, which we hope to have up for Dominion Day, as we are expecting very soon to have the pole in place.

I shall try to make arrangements for a photograph of the school, with flag flying, which I shall be pleased to send you.

Although the surplus in the subscriptione was very small, I am gad to know you are sending them a token in form of a book, as I think they will, by it, be encouraged to try work for the library. Thanking you again for your favors,

I remain yours truly,
M. E. WEBB, Teacher.

Namao, Alta., June 19, 1905.
John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

Dear Sir,—Please excuse this unavoidable delay in acknowledging the arrival of the flag. Both the pupils and myself are well pleased with the beautiful flag so easily earned. . . . Thanking you on behalf of the pupils and myself,

I remain, yours truly,
EDWIN T. MITCHELL.

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Selected Recipes.

Cocoanut Cakes.—Grate one cocoanut into a porcelain kettle and heat until dry as flour, stirring constantly so it will not burn; add a cupful of powdered sugar and the white of one egg, well beaten. Mix thoroughly and shape into fancy cakes. Bake on buttered paper in a moderate oven.

Chocolate Cakes.—Beat to a cream two-thirds of a cup of butter and one cup of sugar, then add each a teaspoonful of salt and cinnamon, one well-beaten egg, two ounces of grated chocolate, one-fourth cup sour milk. Sift one-half teaspoonful of soda in two cupfuls and half of flour. Roll rather thin and cut into small round cakes. Bake in a quick oven.

Raisin Cake.—This cake is made with sour cream and no eggs. Mix together one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of rich sour cream, one level teaspoon each of cinnamon and allspice, one level teaspoon of soda and three and one-half cups of sifted pastry flour. Dissolve the soda in a tablespoon of hot water and after all the ingredients are well mixed stir in quickly one pound of raisins stoned, chopped and well floured. Bake one hour in a slow oven.

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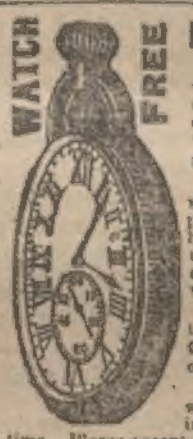

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'